The Lady's Monitor.

BE THOU THE FIRST OUR EFFORTS TO BEFRIEND;
HIS PRAISE IS LOST WHO STAYS TILL ALL COMMEND.
POPE.

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THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

Mr. Editor,

(Continued from our last.)

"No precise answers were returned to Finch's questions as to the cause of this sudden resolution. He could state nothing in the treatment which he had received, adapted to displease him. He was willing that his design should seem unreasonable and unaccountable, but repelled all Finch's importunities to give up the scheme. Neither would he give him any account of his future motions. He designed directly to leave the city, but whither he should retire, he professed not yet to have resolved. During their interview it was plain that some weight hung heavily on Arden's thoughts, his countenance was troubled, and his accent sorrowful.

"At this conversation was present a young man by name Wingate. The families of Finch and Wingate were very opulent, and, with a spirit very common with the rich at that time, they sought to increase their wealth by an alliance between young Wingate, an only child, and Harriet Finch. Wingate had passed some years in Europe, and was returned expressly to solemnize this marriage.

"The young lady, however, would not consent, much to the surprize and chagrin of her father and lover, who strove, the one by soothing, and the other by authority, to conquer her reluctance; a reluctance to them unaccountable, as they had been designed from their infancy for each other; as they had parted with the mutual belief of their being betrothed, and Harriet had always appeared contented with her destiny.

"The father's suspicions, and the lover's jealousy, naturally imaged to themselves a rival; and the youth, dignified deportment, and mental accomplishments of Arden, could scarcely escape surmises on this occasion. Arden and Harriet had lived, for months, in the same house; the young lady never concealed her respect for the tutor; they were often together, [illegible] pretence, however, of something to be learned, than rigid discretion would permit.

"They were both interrogated by Mr. Finch. Arden's averments were clear and satisfactory, and laid at rest all doubts of his integrity in the mind of Finch. Harriet was equally explicit in disclaiming any passion contrary to her father's wishes. Not assigning, however, any good reason for breaking off, or postponing the match, she was importuned, without mercy or intermission, to comply. At length this compliance was promised, and all parties were somewhat at ease.

"Wingate, however, had still reason to complain of coldness in his spouse-elect. Her consent to marriage was unattended by any proofs of love, and Wingate soon relasped into discontent, upbraiding and suspicion. His suspicions, however, had no object; for Harriet, from the time her promise was given, broke off all intercourse with Arden, and carefully shunned private and unwitnessed interviews. Her death happened about a month after this new arrangement, and about a week before the day fixed for her nuptials.

"While Wingate and Finch were comparing their thoughts as to the motives of Arden's behaviour in the last interview in town, a messenger arrived, informing them of Harriet's disappearance. It instantly occurred to Wingate, that Arden and the young lady had eloped together, and while Finch returned home to search anew for his daughter, and to gain intelligence from his household, Wingate was dispatched after Arden.

"Arden was soon found to have embarked, on the river, for Baltimore, whether in company with Harriet was uncertain, till the discovery of her murdered corse in the grotto, when suspicions of elopement were instantly changed into those of murder, and a swift-sailing pilot-boat being hired, and suitable warrants and officers obtained, Arden was pursued, overtaken, and, on the third day, brought back and thrown into prison.

"Arden had held no intercourse or correspondence beyond his employer's family, except with my friend Brudenel. Many letters had passed between them during his residence with Finch, and till the day preceding this catastrophe. The incident I have just mentioned could not fail of deeply affecting my friend. There were other reasons, likewise, why his concern for this man's welfare and reputation should exceed that of any other.

"Brudenel had a mother and a sister, Anna, who lived together, and near him. Arden, as an inmate of his house, was, of course, on terms of familiarity with every part of his own and his wife's family. They were all pleased with his gentleness of manners, his modest demeanour, and the great qualities of his mind. Anna Brudenel, unhappily, allowed herself to be more pleased with him than the rest. In short, to an attentive observer it was plain that she loved him.

"This circumstance gave her brother much disquiet. He felt no reluctance to cultivate the friendship of this man as long as he behaved well, being always at liberty to change his course, as future discoveries respecting him should make it necessary; but to take him, of whom he knew so little, as a *brother-in-law*, was a very different affair.

"Besides, Arden's treatment of Anna, though respectful and affectionate, had been carefully circumspect, and evinced, as his conversation often did, not only the want of tenderness to her, but a resolution to avoid all matrimonial engagements.

"His sister's happiness, therefore, required him to disclose his thoughts to her, and to show her the nature of her situation. He did not forbid her to love, but he pressed upon her the utility of wariness and circumspection. The obstacles to an alliance with Arden might be inseparable, but it was not wholly improbable that they might, in time, be removed.

"The imputation of so foul a crime, and the consequent danger to Arden's life, roused the hitherto supposed or slumbering emotions of Miss Brudenel, to a pitch of unbounded vehemence. She besought my friend to interfere in his behalf, and would not, for a moment, give up the persuaison of his innocence. She vowed that her future peace, and her life itself, depended on his acquittal from this charge.

"Brudenel was far from adopting her opinion as to the innocence of this man. The facts that I have mentioned, amounted to a presumption of guilt which no reasonable person could resist. The matter was incapable of greater certainty, unless he had been detected in the very act. But his opinion, even if it had been favourable, would avail nothing. All the rest of the world were of one opinion. Finch was a doating parent, and Wingate a fond lover. Arden's guilt was indisputable in their eyes. Their abhorrence, therefore, was immeasurable, and their vengeance obdurate. All the world joined them in clamouring for his punishment."

I here interrupted the narrator. "You say Arden corresponded with your friend while living with Finch. Was there nothing in these letters throwing light upon his conduct in this affair.

"There was something in his letters of a very ambiguous cast. They were at first copious, but afterwards become more brief. At all times they bespoke a mind far from being at ease: it was not the disquiet of remorse or of fear neither: it was a secret and unexplained unhappiness that appeared to dictate, and to mix itself with every sentence that he wrote.

"At first he was very free in describing his situation, the character of Finch himself, his three pupils, and the daughter Harriet. She returned from a long absence to reside with her father while Arden was an inmate of the house.

"Gradually, however, Harriet became less frequently or less directly mentioned. His regrets and complaints assumed a somewhat different form, and grew more obscure and unintelligible. My friend, sometimes, in perusing his letters, conjectured that the charms of Harriet had made some impressions on his heart, and that this had contributed to the alteration of his style; but all, in this respect, was vague and indeterminate. There was ground equally plausible for twenty different inferences.

"After the catastrophe had happened, he could not but recollect this obscurity. You will imagine that it suggested no favourable conclusion: at least, it afforded no proof of his innocence. Brudenel's curiosity and affection led him to visit Arden in his dungeon more than once. Their interviews were deeply affecting. He was not earnest in asserting his innocence. He seemed fully aware of the irresistible force of the evidence against him, and to yield, without an effort, to his fate.

"Yet, on being interrogated by him, and by the court upon his trial, he declared himself, with a steadfast countenance and manner *not guilty*. Nothing confounded observers more, than the sedateness of the man, but such were the singular circumstances in which he was placed, that it was impossible to determine the cause of his sedateness....whether it arose from consciousness of innocence, or contempt of death, or of infamy, or from pure obduracy.

"He had no one to defend him, for he sought no one's patronage. When called upon to defend himself, he complied with apparent reluctance; but, when he opened his mouth at the bar, averred his purity with astonishing collectiveness and fervency; while, at the same time, he declared his hopelessness of acquittal, his acquiescence in his fate, and his forgiveness of his persecutors."

Again interrupting my friend, I asked, "Did not, at this time, something come out as to his past life, which might have some effect upon his judges?"

"Nothing. He was now, indeed, recognized by some who knew him in London, but their knowledge was vague, neither beneficial to his cause, nor hurtful to it. They merely knew no good, and no ill of him. He himself preserved a rigorous silence upon that subject."

"Well, Sir, and what was the event?"

"The cause was heard. A score of witnesses examined. Finch, Wingate, visitants, servants and neighbours, all concurred in furnishing strength to the presumption against him. Clandestine and mysterious interviews between the accused and the lady; her aversion to Wingate coming into birth and keeping pace with her knowledge of, and intercourse with Arden; his disturbance of mind; his visible consciousness of wrong at the interrogations and reproaches of Wingate; his deportment after Harriet's compliance with her father's wishes, more gloomy and dissatisfied than ever; his almost unobserved preparations for departure; his burning, secretly, a multitude of papers and letters a few days before the fatal event.

"Incidents upon the day and evening of the murder; the lady's going out alone; his pursuing, shortly after, the same path; his appearance at the entrance of the path leading, and only leading to the grotto; his perturbations at that time; his retiring to his chamber, and answering to the questions put to him by the house-keeper respecting the absence of her mistress, confusedly and evasively; his sudden departure; his deportment to Finch at their meeting in town, and his precipitate flight.

(To be continued.)

Biography.

MEMOIRS OF

MRS. INCHBALD.

(Continued from our last.)

In one of her daily rambles, among the many whom her appearance attracted, was the then admired Mr. R—— of Drury-lane Theatre, who, not to be repulsed by difficulties, employed every art to obtain repeated interviews, to learn the nature of her situation, and to offer such plausible advice as might render his real views unsuspected. He at length succeed to her confidence, and the stage was pointed out to her as a most probable scheme of support. It had also the advantage of being extremely well adapted for the gratification of one whose sole motive for relinquishing her home was to see the world. But an acquaintance thus formed with a man of intrigue was not long to continue: our heroine soon discovered Mr. R—'s real views, and, positively rejecting them, was once more left destitute; but not of every prospect she had formed of a livelihood from the stage: for this performer had assured her, that the impediment in her speech was no insurmountable obstacle to her arriving at a certain situation in a theatre, as a particular attention to, and frequent repetition of her parts, would enable her to repeat them before an audience, so as to obtain, with the advantage of so charming a person, a respectable, if not a brilliant department in the *dramatis personæ*. In an aspiring and persevering mind, Hope is soon converted into resolution, not to be baffled by petty disappointments, nor to be conquered by the intrusion of apparent impossibilities; and such was the mind of our heroine. Left once more to provide for herself, she had no sooner discarded her libertine admirer, than she determined to profit by his plan, however doubtful she might be of the sincerity of him who proposed it. As a total stranger, without recommendation, and with a defect in her speech that must have struck every one, on first hearing her, as an invincible bar to all public speaking, she immediately applies to Mr. King, of Drury-lane Theatre, then manager of the Bristol house during the summer. His

surprise, and the replies she made to his interrogations, have furnished so many different Green-room anecdotes, that, however whimsical and entertaining each of them may be, we are here obliged to decline them all, lest we risk our veracity by adopting those which are fictitious: suffice it to say, that this was, perhaps, one of the most comic scenes Mr. King was ever engaged in; and that notwithstanding all impediments, after having rehearsed with her a short time, he did not wholly discourage her idea of being an actress; but declined giving her any engagement.

Disappointed in this application, she consulted the play-bills; she remembered the name of Mr. Inchhald, who was then of Drury-lane Theatre, having seen him perform several seasons together at Bury St. Edmund's, the town near the village from whence she came. With this gentleman she had not the least acquaintance, but she felt a confidence in him, which his having been frequently in that neighbourhood had alone inspired. The most remote tie was now a near one, while it had any reference to a place she was at this time brought to reflect upon with the most tender regret, having at length seen something of the world, and doubtless convinced of the happiness of home. To Mr. Inchbald she resolved to apply for advice respecting an engagement at some theatre. Mr. Inchbald, at that time a man of noted gallantry and intrigue, was struck with her beauty, hut, just then attached to the wife of Col.—, and engaged in other adventures, he was not tempted to the seduction of that innocence which now sought his friendship; but introduced our heroine to Mr. D— of Drury-lane house, who had purchased a share in a country theatre, to which he was going as acting manager.

At the first sight of Miss Simpson, D—— hesitated not a moment, but without any trial, immediately engaged her as his pupil: gave her many parts to study, in spite of the impediment in her speech, which he promised to render at least articulate; and became her instructor. She was now supplied with every convenience, in the prospect, as she supposed, of future services as an actress, and began to think the world growing kind, when one evening having been reciting a part to her new master a most violent quarrel arose, which, from a reserved behaviour on her part, drew him at last coolly, but *firmly* to tell her, that he meant to be repaid for the engagement he had assigned her as an actress, with other services than those required for the theatre; and that by such an acquiescence he was wiling to hold the agreement, but on no other terms. The tea equipage happened then to be on the table, and our heroine, not so happily blessed as most women are with the powers of loquacity, replied to this speech by proxy; the comedian soon felt the effects of a basin of scalding water on his face and bosom; and before he had time to recover from his surprise and the immediate sensation of pain, his pupil had flown down stairs, and was gone for ever!

(To be Continued.)

Voyages.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE

SLAVE-MASTERS IN SURINAM.

[From Captain Stedman's Narrative.]

A planter in Surinam, when he lives on his estate, gets out of his hammoc with the rising sun, viz. about six o'clock in the morning, when he makes his appearance under the piazza of his house, where his coffee is ready waiting for him, which he generally takes with his pipe, instead of toast and butter; and there he is attended by half-a-dozen of the finest young slaves, both male and female, of the plantation to serve him. At this sanctum sanctorum he is next accosted by his overseer, who regularly every morning attends at his levee, and having made his bows at several yards distance with the most profouud respect, informs his greatness of what was done the day before; what negroes deserted, died, fell sick, recovered, was bought or born; and, above all things, which of them neglected their work, affected sickness, or had been drunk or absent, &c. The prisoners are generally present, being secured by the negro-drivers, and instantly tied up to the beams of the piazza, or a tree, without so much as a hearing in their own defence; when the flogging begins, with men, women, and children, without exception. The instruments of torture, on these occasions, are long hempen whips, that cut round at every lash, and crack like pistol shot; during which they alternately repeat, "Dankee, massera" (thank you, master.) In the mean time he stalks up and down with his overseer, affecting not so much as to hear their cries, till they are sufficiently mangled, when they are untied, and ordered to return to their work, without so much as a dressing.

This ceremony being over, the dressy negro (a black surgeon) comes to make his report: who being dismissed with a hearty curse for allowing any slaves to be sick, next make her appearance superannuated matron, with all the young negro children of the estate, over whom she is governess. These, being clean washed in the river, clap their hands, and cheer in chorus, when they are sent to breakfast on a large platter of rice and plantains; and the levee ends with a low bow from the overseer, as it begun.

His lordship now saunters out in his morning dress, which consists of a pair of the finest Holland trowsers, white silk stockings, and red or yellow Morocco slippers; the neck of his shirt open, and nothing over it, a loose flowing night-gown of the finest chintz excepted. On his head is a cotton night cap, as thin as a cobweb, and over that an enormous beaver hat, that protects his meagre visage from the sun, which is already the colour of mahogany, while his whole carcase seldom weighs above eight or ten stone, being generally exhausted by the climate and dissipation.

Having loitered about his estate, or sometimes ridden on horse-back to his fields, to view his increasing stores, he returns about eight o'clock, when, if he goes abroad, he dresses, but if not, remains just as he is. Should the first take place, having only exchanged his trowsers for a pair of thin linen breeches, he sits down, and holding out one foot after another, like a horse going to be shod, a negro boy puts on his shoes, which he also buckles, while another dresses his hair, his wig, or shaves his chin; and a third is fanning him, to keep off the musquitoes. Having now shifted, he puts on a thin coat and waistcoat, all white; when, under an umbrella carried by a black boy, he is conducted to his barge, which is in waiting for him with six or eight oars, well provided with fruit, wine, water, and tobacco, by his overseer, who no sooner has seen him depart, than he resumes the command with all the usual insolence of office. But should this prince not mean to stir from his estate, he goes to breakfast about ten o'clock, for which a table is spread in the large hall, provided with a bacon ham, hung beef, fowls or pigeons broiled; plantains and sweet cassavas roasted; bread, butter, cheese, &c. with which he drinks strong beer and a glass of Madeira, Rhenish, or Mazell wine, while the cringing overseer sits at the farther end, keeping his proper distance, both being served by the most beautiful slaves: and this is called breaking the poor gentleman's fast.

After this he takes a book, plays at chess or billiards, entertains himself with music, &c. till the heat of the day forces him to

return into his cotton hammoc, to enjoy his meridian nap, which he could no more dispense with than a Spaniard with his siesta, and in which he rocks himself to and fro, like a performer on the slack rope, till he falls asleep, without either bed or covering; and during which time he is fanned, by a couple of his black attendants, to keep him cool, &c.

'About three o'clock he awakes by natural instinct, when, having washed and perfumed himself, he sits down to dinner, attended, as at breakfast, by his deputy-governor and sable pages, where nothing is wanting that the world can afford in a western climate, of meat, fowls, venison, fish, vegetables, fruits, &c. and the most exquisite wines are often squandered in profusion; after this a cup of strong coffee and a liquor finish the repast.

At six o'clock he is again waited on by his overseer, attended, as in the morning, by his negro-drivers and prisoners; when the flogging having once more continued for some time, and the necessary orders being given for the next day's work, the assembly is dismissed, and the evening spent with punch, cards, and tobacco.

As for the ladies, they indulge themselves just as much, by giving way to their unbounded passions, and especially to their most relentless barbarity. But while I can bear witness to the exalted virtues of such a woman as Mrs. Elizabeth Danforth, now Mrs. Godfrey, and a few more, whose characters shine with treble lustre, I shall draw a veil over all the imperfections too common to their sex in this climate. Before I drop this subject, however, I must attest, that hospitality is in no country practised with greater cordiality, or with less ceremony, a stranger being every where at home, and finding his table and his bed at whatever estate necessity or choice may occasion him to visit. This is the more to be regarded, as no inns are to be met with in the neighbourhood of any of the Surinam rivers.

THE REFLECTOR.
NO IX.

O spare the sight! nor dart that look again;
Lest, turn'd to passion, honour plead in vain.

ANON.

It has long been established with moralists, that there is not a more certain test of national depravity, than that which presents itself in the degeneracy of female manners. Whenever it may be said, that the feminine virtues are no longer found in the foremost ranks of society, and among those who extend the influence of example; we have but little to hope of the people to whom such assertion will apply. An uncivilized and barbarous state as it is called, is a state by far preferable to this. The virtues of a savage are natural; and at least as apparent as his vices. He has not attained to the perfection of false sentiment. This false sentiment, about which so much has been written, and to which we may fairly account the evils of more polished times, forms a subject of prominent consideration, in every estimate of human morals.

To ascertain the full progress of this feeling, is not the purpose of a sketch, where it will be sufficient to trace it in effect, and not in cause. Our end here will be answered by observing, what indeed is implied in its very name, that it is in direct opposition to nature.

Persons affected by this feeling, are very strong in their professions of humanity, sensibility, and friendship: they are likewise very delicate in their ideas, and great admirers of modesty. If you report to them an instance of ingratitude, their indignation exceeds all bounds: if you present to them an object of distress, or a tale of affliction, their sensibility is even dangerous to themselves, and they deeply regret their inability to relieve, what it almost racks them to pity. As to delicacy and modesty, no one can be more delicate and modest than these feeling souls, where it is not their interest to be indelicate or immodest; and where, according to the judgment of common sense, neither modesty nor delicicy were very eminently required. Their susceptive minds, revolting from all ideas of degradation, would chide a beggar for appearing before them in ragged clothes, and wonder at the insolence of his address. Seated within the circle of familiar conversation, you may see them blush at inuendos of which their companions appear ignorant, while they listen with avidity, under pretence of high knowledge and research, to obscene and vulgar descriptions. They are above being affected by these things.

I know it has been urged, and I am willing to admit it, that the manners of the women keep a due proportion with our own; whence it would follow, that we are the causes of their cupidity. We are all apt to extenuate ourselves; and this is one of the reeds to which sinking virtue will cling. But this will not do in the present instance. Some time, and a great length of time, *ought* to elaspe, before all which have hitherto been considered as characteristics of a female character, should be rooted from her mind, in compliance with brutalized man. An appearance of delicacy might be looked for, and a few struggles should certainly be made at the expiring of feminine honour. The forms of decency could be respected.

What then are the manners of our women? Of that part of our women which is most seen; and by which, therefore, the generality of the sex is appreciated? Their manners are grouded at the boarding-school; and they are completed in the circulating library. This we learn by fatal experience.

When they mingle with society, we might think that they were about to quit it. They have all the *sang froid* of fifty, wherewith to cover the blushes of fifteen. They crowd our theatres, they make our ball-rooms; nor do I flatter myself that we shall be able long to detain them from our taverns, our coffee-houses, and hotels. Confinement, I mean home, (for I wish to speak with a degree of politeness) is their bane. This, once the scene of female honour and duty, terms which were then synonimous, is now either totally neglected by the refined fair, or, one court of fashion and profusion, of insipidity and intrigue, it is no home at all. Young ladies are instructed by mamma to dress to the *best advantage*, and to glance with the best effect: lessons which they soon comprehend, and faithfully practise; terms which defy misconstruction.

It is, however, to the virtues of the fair, whether they think it, or whether they do not, that society must be indebted for its moral, as well as its natural preservation. Men, very vicious men too, are not unfrequently restored by these. Whilst I am talking on this subject, I will whisper a plain fact to our country-women. Many of my young friends, indeed, are averse to the matrimonial connection, and that on moral objections: they are alarmed by the present decay (which I hope is but apparent) of female virtue, and female sensibility.

THE PLAINTIFF.
NO. II.

MR. EDITOR,

As a plaintiff, I know not whether I am entitled to your attention; being in my own opinion one of those unfortunates, whom no system of regimen or medicine can cure: yet, perhaps, like the benevolent physician, when the malady supercedes practical skill, you may suggest some untried mode of mental amusement.

It has ever been a maxim, that the *middle walk* of life bade fairest for the accomplishment of human happiness. But, whether from the alloy mixed in every situation, or some constitutional misarrangement, from thence originated all the evils under which I struggle.

Born with a paternal inheritance, that placed me above the necessity of personal application to labour, or to commerce; the hardships of the one, and the chances of the other, could make no impression on my mind: from the hope of affluence, or the fear of want. On the other hand, my fortune was too narrow to suggest schemes of ambition, and the bias of my temper towards repose, prevented my wishing to mix in the dissipations of high life.

One even tenor of calm tranquillity appeared before me: one unruffled prospect, in which I might gaze at ease on surrounding objects. During the period of youth, when all is grasped with avidity, as something new, something yet unenjoyed, or something to be learnt; my life was spent in the circles of felicity, and I frequently rejoiced that I was not, as the farmer, exposed to the inclemency of season, nor as the statesman, depending on the precarious smiles of power.

As I advanced in life, objects around me gradually ceased to charm. The flowers of my garden glowed in my eye with less lustre, and the shady recesses of my groves, where the wild inhabitants of the sky used to welcome me, no longer pleased. I reflected, that while they possessed the quality of novelty, my mind had been amused and delighted: and though my temper loved not enterprize, I determined to change the face of my grounds, and lay them out on a plan, which even the flights of poetic fancy might admire.

At first I felt the pleasure of a new creation; but though my grounds were unfinished, the plan of their perfection was become so familiar to my mind, that I turned away from the idea with the same disgust that I had conceived against their first situation. I even secretly sighed for a little green, where I had in my infantine years erected houses of sod. I shed tears at the remembrance of a jessamine arbour, where, with my parents I had frequently sat in the evening, while they entertained me with stories; and played with a pretty little girl, the darling of my heart, long since buried in the village church-yard. The next day I gave orders for the reinstatement of the former mode, not forgetting the stump of an old tree, against which I had used to drive my arrows.

I now discovered that my distaste arose from myself. I had been taught the classics while young, and the ancient poets were familiar to my mind. These, however, I again read over; but my imagination demanded something new. The paths of modern literature were untried. I dipped into the history of nations; I became familiar with the biography of famous men; I entered into the metaphysical disputations of the day, and satiated my mind with all the heterogeneous productions of political reformers. But alas! I concluded with Solomon, that there was nothing new *beneath* the sun. My mind was too tenacious to allow a second perusal of the same book, and having exhausted the best authors on most subjects, the immense volumes of a library became insipid, and the resource of reading nearly drained. My library consisted of some thousand volumes, yet I have frequently entered it, examined one book, laid it down, and taken up another, of which I could not read a page: and after sauntering round, gazing on the shelves, and reading the tides, returned to my gardens, to grieve at the distaste I experienced for past employment, and to rack my invention for *something new*.

A comparison I made between myself and some female acquaintance, who seemed equally in want of employ, induced me to enter on the reading of novel and romance: and could I, like them, have almost immediately forgot the characters and accidents, I should have found an endless entertainment, but in the course of a twelvemonth, I was master of nearly all the incidents, which, like the letters of the alphabet, variously arranged, from novels *ad infinitum;* and my old disease of lassitude again crept upon me with accumulated violence.

I was advised to marry: but I had passed the age, when to the charm of novelty might be added all the delights of romanticity; and having no difficulty to encounter from the want of fortune, the hard-heartedness of parents, or the severe prudery of the fair, I entered into the state with the most stoical indifference; chiefly arising from an idea I indulged, that I was superior to all earthly enjoyments. This apathy soon reached me in matrimony. My wife was without any of those *discordant qualifications* which throw acid into the entertainment, and weariness again hung upon every enjoyment. The amusements of town, indeed, for near two winters, gave a temporary relief to this malady; but public entertainment soon ceased to attract. The charms of music no longer vibrated on my nerves with delight, and the most grand chorusses passed away with indifference. Plays, like novels, (for in fact they are merely novels personified) quickly disgusted me, as I could not enjoy a repetition of the same pun, nor smile at the buffoonery of clownish folly. The company of visitants was equally insipid: not being calculated to partake the tattle of impertinence, the sneers of self-consequence, or the whispers of envy and scandal.

Thus, sir, my whole life is a scene of inanity and *ennui*. My children themselves scarcely afford any resource, as my mind unhappily seeks for something superior to what some call the pleasures of domestic felicity: which appear to me trifling and puerile. I frequently wish that I could obliterate all my knowledge, and drown in the waters of Lethe all those refined ideas which have unfitted me for the common and customary events of life. I should then, when I arose in the morning, have some occupation that demanded my attention, and contributed to amuse: I should lay down to rest, not fatigued with the weariness of idleness; and look forward to the morning, as the dawn of new hopes, and new prospects: and you, sir, would not have been wearied with the complaints of a man, whose situation thousands behold with envy; but which, from an imagination too vivid, or a wrong impression of education, is rendered completely unfit for the world.

G. W.

GOSSIPIANA.

NO. III.

CURIOUS WINE CELLAR.

The monastery of Areadi, in the island of Candia, surpasses every other part of the island, though fertile in religious houses, both in the numbers of monks, and the endowments of the convent. It is supposed to be built on the spot where the ancient Arcadia once stood. The monastery itself contains nearly an hundred inhabitants, while about two hundred more are dispersed over the lands belonging to the monastery, and are employed in agriculture. The cellar is by far the finest part of the building. It contains two hundred casks of wine, of which the *choicest* is marked with the name of the superior, and no one may touch it without his permission. This cellar receives a solemn and annual benediction immediately after the vintage. The prayer recited by the superior on this occasion is just printed in the Greek ritual. It is as follows: "Lord God! who lovest mankind, look on this wine, and on those that shall drink it;

bless these vessels as thou hast blessed the walls of Jacob, the fish-pool of Siloa, and the beverage of thy holy apostles. Lord, who didst condescend to be present at the marriage of Cana, where thou didst manifest thy glory to thy disciples by changing water into wine, send thy holy spirit on this wine, and bless it in thy name."

DEBTORS.

In Holland, says Mr. Howard, burghers of established characters, to whom the name of *peace-makers* is given, are chosen to determine any claims where the sum does not exceed *two hundred guilders* (about 18l.) At several doors in Haerlam, I observed a small board put up, with lace upon it, to shew that the mistress of the house was lying-in; and I was informed that a disturbance near a house thus guarded, would be severely punished, and that the husband could not at that time be arrested for debt.

MENDICANT MONK.

Pirckheimer, a German, informed Erasmus of a comical dispute which he had with a mendicant monk. This good man being in company where Erasmus was highly commended, shewed his dissatisfaction by his countenance and gestures; and being hard pushed to declare what he had to censure in Erasmus, he said, that this man, whom they affected to extol so much, was a notorious eater of fowls, and that he knew it to be true, not from the testimony of others, but of his own eyes. "Did Erasmus buy them, or steal them!" said Pirckheimer. He bought them," said the monk. "Why then," quoth Pirckheimer, "there is a certain fox, who is a much greater knave; for he comes into my yard frequently and takes away a fowl without paying me. But is it then a sin to eat fowls?" "Most certainly," answered the monk: "It is the sin of gluttony; and it becomes the more heinous when it is committed and frequently repeated by churchmen." "Perhaps," said Pirckheimer, "he eats them on fast-days." "No," said the monk; "but we ecclesiastics ought to abstain upon all days from such delicacies." "Ah! my good father," said Pirckheimer, "it is not by eating dry bread that you have got that huge paunch of yours; and if all the fowls which have gone into it could lift up their voices at once, and cackle in concert, they would make noise enough to drown the drums and trumpets of an army!"

LINNÆUS,

The famous botanist, when a medical practitioner, was called to the lady of an Aulic counsellor, troubled with a cough. Linnæus prescribed a remedy which she could carry by her for constant use. This lady was one day at court, on a card party with Queen Ulrica Elenora. While playing, she put something into her mouth. "What is this?" asked the queen.—"A remedy against the cough, may it please your majesty, I always find myself much relieved after using it." The queen had a cough at that very time. Linnæus was called, he prescribed the same remedy, and the queen's ailment disappeared. Thus did the *cough* first introduce him to court, and there advance his prosperity.

New-York,

SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1802.

TO OUR PATRONS.

At the commencement of a new year it is usual to look around us, and ascertain the spot on which we stand. The inquisitiveness of the human mind is at this period drawn forth into exercise; we examine the ground which has been already trodden, and, to the best of our ability, anticipate what awaits us in the womb of futurity.

With respect to the Monitor, we have reason to rejoice; the past year has been propitious to us, for our exertions have been crowned with success. To us, indeed, it has always proved a source of satisfaction, that "Whatever shall be the final sentence of mankind, we at least endeavour to deserve their kindness." But the public, with its customary candour and generosity, has already vouchsafed this kindness; and with their approbation we remain gratefully satisfied. Stimulated, however, by their favours, we shall not cease to continue our efforts, with an increasing energy, towards their instruction and entertainment.

A Literary Magazine, conducted on liberal principles, and calculated for general amusement, has, it is believed, long been desired by a numerous and respectable class of readers. This desideratum we have endeavoured to supply; and have divided the work into six departments:

The first department is devoted to fiction. This is a species of literature calculated to please a great portion of our readers. We are aware of the objections which some have to novels and romances; and, though we cannot hope to please every one, we shall be careful to give offence to none. Pieces of a moral tendency; whatever can amend and humanize the heart, inform the understanding, and correct the judgment; whatever can awaken attention to obvious and important truths, will always be preferred.

The second department is devoted to biography. This is a most instructing and pleasing species of composition. It gratifies the inquisitiveness of youth, and confirms the experience of age. Its usefulness is so universally acknowledged, that comment is rendered unnecessary.

Extracts from the journals of modern Voyagers and Travellers, and historical and geographical information, occupy the third department. Thus, by introducing interesting extracts from the Voyager and the Traveller, the Historian and the Geographer, an account of the customs, manners, and habits of the various nations, and descriptions of people which inhabit this vast globe, including also the varied beauties of creation, we shall add much to the respectability of the work, and afford a fund of instruction to the rising generation.

The essayist occupies our fourth department. We particularly invite juvenile composers to transmit us their *most finished productions*, both in prose and poetry. A periodical work is the usual depository for the efforts which genius first makes to enlighten and reform the world. Sheltered from the rude blasts of criticism, it here puts forth its tenderest buds, and is gradually brought forward to maturity. For the contents of this portion of the Monitor, we rely on the favours of our correspondents, who, for past communications, are entitled to our best thanks.

A fifth portion of the work is devoted to the business of our "home department." In this, the Drama forms a conspicuous feature, comprehending a faithful and impartial account of all the new theatrical productions, with pleasing extracts from them, prologues, epilogues, &c. and strictures on the merits of the respective performers.

Poetry claims the last department of our Miscellany. It has been the subject of admiration in every age and nation of the world. Such are its charms, such its influence in softening and harmonizing the passions of mankind. Greece, Rome, Britain, and America have, in their turn, confessed its power and bowed at its shrine; and, among the ancients, it was pronounced of divine origin, and chiefly devoted to the praises of the gods and heroes, who were equally consigned over to the honours of immortality.

The nature of our work we have explained on a former occasion; and with its plan, gentle reader, thou must now be thoroughly acquainted. It would be useless to deprecate thy wrath shouldst thou find that we have not performed our promises; yet, remember that we may improve in thy good graces, while given to hope, that the salutary lessons of the Monitor have had their desired effect.

To the public we express our obligation for the liberal support with which we have been honoured. We feel that which "passeth show," and are proud of the extensive patronage we have received. Our exertions to please our numerous readers have been unwearied; though at the same time we well know, that to imagine *every* article will please *every* reader, would be a most unreasonable supposition. We can only, therefore, add, that we shall not relax our efforts

in the honourable cause of knowledge and virtue. This cause, with whatever attacks it may be combatted, we are assured will be finally triumphant, and every revolving year hastens its consummation. Happy, indeed, shall we deem ourselves in contributing our mite towards the arrival of a period, when mankind, freed from the empire of ignorance and folly shall be placed in the possession of substantial felicity.

The Drama.

THEATRICAL REGISTER.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches; none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
POPE.

December 28. This evening was presented the comedy of *Speed the Plough*. By Thomas Morton, Esq. author of *Columbus*, *A Cure for the Heart-Ache*, *The Way to get Married*, &c. &c. This comedy is not without its defects; but it is pleasant, very pleasant; and, as exhibited here, deserves universal attention. For a full account of the plot, &c. we refer our readers to No. 18 of The Lady's Monitor.

The fire scene, in the fifth act, does credit to the Theatre: it is a *fine picture*, horribly fine and sublime. To the painter belongs much praise. Most of the performers deserve commendation; but justice demands that we should here select Mr. Hogg. His Sir Abel Handy has convinced us that he may attain by application, the summit of that line of playing.

The after-piece was *No Song, No Supper*.

December 30. *Richard Cœur de Lion*; with the entertainment of *Five Thousand a Year*.

January 1. This evening was presented, Morton's magnificent play of *Columbus; or, A World Discovered*. The reputation of this gentleman, as a dramatic writer, is so well established, as to preclude the necessity of mingling our approbation with that of millions in Europe and America who smile at the mention of his name, and laugh and weep, by turns, at the representation of his pieces. We have no hesitation in saying, that *Columbus* is his best performance. When it was announced at Covent-Garden, it excited general anxiety, and the Cockneys flocked, in crouds, to attend the represenation of the discovery and settlement of a country to which their fathers have since given laws, and which, had they not cut asunder every tie which bound the colonists to the mother country ....disgraced the character of Englishmen ....and violated every principle of humanity and common honour, had still retained the sovereignty for their posterity. The author, however, in order to flatter the vanity of his countrymen, has introduced an Englishman into his drama, whom he has placed on board Columbus's squadron, and whom, on Columbus's landing on American ground, is said to be the man who first discovered land. The spectator of this performance will find the manners and customs of Mexico and Peru introduced, as appertaining to the first-discovered natives of the western world. This deviation afforded the author an opportunity of introducing manners and customs more congenial to dramatic use, and more particularly of presenting, from Marmontel's Incas, the pathetic tale of Cora and Alonzo. The language of this play is, in general, forcible and correct. The incidents are numerous, and judiciously arranged. The scenery, machinery, and decorations do credit to the Manager; and the whole is well calculated to amuse. We insert the prologue verbatim:

When fam'd Columbus nobly dar'd to brave,
The untry'd perils of the Western wave;
Ten thousand dangers in his passage lay,
Dark was his night, and dreary was his day!
The rude companions of his bold design,
Fatigu'd with toil, against their chief combine:
When sudden....bursting on th' astonish'd view!
A world discover'd prov'd his judgment true.
"Yet black ingratitude, the Great Man's fate!
"Pursu'd Columbus with envenom'd hate;
"But minds like his a base degen'rate race,
"Might meanly persecute....but not disgrace:
"The noble soul its energy maintains,
"In spite of dungeons, tyranny, and chains."

The sons of Europe found a guileless race,
No fraud was veil'd beneath the smiling face;
Their manners, mild, benevolent, and kind,
Pourtray'd the cloudless sunshine of the mind:
Bless'd in their Prince's patriarchal reign,
Whose pow'r reliev'd, but ne'er inflicted pain,
Their placid lives no fancy'd evils knew;
Their joys were many, and their wants were few.
One custom with their virtues ill agreed,
Which made humanity with anguish bleed;
Compell'd at superstition's shrine to bow,
The hapless victims of a cruel vow!
Their sweetest maids were often doom'd to prove,
No joy in friendship, and no bliss in love!
Yet love and nature cannot be suppress,
The sigh will heave, and palpitate the breast;
For spite of vows, which Heaven's wise laws disown,
Love sits triumphant on the heart....his throne;
And breaks those fetters bigots would impose,
To aggravate the sense of human woes!

The rigid laws of time, and place, our bard,
In this night's drama, ventures to discard:
If here he errs....he errs with *him* whose name,
Stands without rival on the rolls of fame;
Him whom the passions own with one accord,
Their Great Dictator, and despotic Lord!
Who plac'd aloft on inspiration's throne,
Made fancy's magic kingdom all his own,
Burst from the trammels which his muse confind'd,
And pour'd the wealth of his exhaustless mind!
Though SHAKSPEARE'S flight no mortal shall pursue
COLUMBUS' story patroniz'd by you,
Wild yield an off'ring, grateful to his dust,
A British laurel on a hero's bust!

The after-piece was *The Poor Soldier*.

January 2. This evening will be presented Kotzebue's celebrated tragedy of *Pizarro in Peru;* for a particular account of which, we refer our readers to No. 17 of the Lady's Monitor.

NEW COUNTRY DANCES.

40. *The charms of the Fair*....Cast down two couple, and set to your partner; lead up the middle, and set cross partners, each way lead outsides, three each way.

41. *Wobourn Abbey*....Cast off two couple; up again, lead down the middle; up again, foot it, three and thee top and bottom, three and three sideways, hands six round.

42. *Sherbourn Castle*....The first, second, and third couple foot it, and hands round six; the same back again; the first couple lead through, the third couple cast up into second couple's place, and turn, lead up to the top; foot and cast off.

43. *Trip to Margate*....First and second couple foot it, and half right and left; foot it the same back again; cross over two couple, lead up the middle, cast off four round at bottom, right and left at top.

44. *Mitchell's Fancy*....Ballance rigadoon to your partner, and cast off one couple, the same back again, and cast up; lead down the middle, up again, cast off right and left.

(To be Continued.)

MARRIED,

At Philadelphia on Thursday evening, the 24th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Green, Mr. JOHN M. BRADFORD, of this city, merchant, to Miss ABAGAIL FIELD, of that city.

DIED,

On Sunday morning, the 27th inst. Miss NANCY BROWN, of this city, of a lingering illness which she bore with Christian resignation and fortitude.

Parnassian Garland.

AN ADDRESS,

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED

TO THE PATRONS OF

The Lady's Monitor.

BY THEIR HUMBLE SERVANT, THE CARRIER.

While others sing, in harsher strains,
Of battles, wounds, and reeking plains,
Let nobler themes be mine;
Not *Mars*, but *Venus*, prompts *my* song,
Let seraphs waft the notes along,
And airy minstrels join.

Fair friends, your Mercury appears,
To wish you health and happy years,
With sweet poetic art:
Ye loves and graces, tune my lyre,
With tender warmth my soul inspire,
To touch the female heart.

Mov'd by a strange, mysterious power,
Who hastes along the rapid hour,
I touch the deep-ton'd string:
E'en now I saw his wither'd face
Beneath yon tower's mouldering base,
Where mossy vestments cling.

Dark roll'd his cheerless eye around,
Severe his grisly visage frown'd,
No locks his head array'd;
He grasp'd a hero's antique bust....
The marble crumbled into dust,
And sunk amidst the shade!

Malignant triumph fill'd his eyes,
"See, hapless mortals, see," he cries,
"How vain your idle schemes;
"Beneath my grasp the fairest form,
"Dissolves, and mingles with the worm;
"Thus vanish mortal dreams.

"The works of God and man I spoil;
"The noblest proofs of human toil
"I treat as childish toys;
"I crush the noble and the brave;
"Beauty I mar; and in the grave
"I bury human joys."

Hold! ruthless phantom....Hold, I cry'd....
If thou canst mock the dreams of pride,
And meanner hopes devour,
Virtue, beyond thy reach, shall bloom,
When other charms sink to the tomb;
She scorns thy envious power.

On frosty wings the demon fled,
Howling, as o'er the walls he sped,
"Another year has gone!"
The ruin'd spire....the crumbling tower,
Nodding, obey'd his awful power,
As Time flew swiftly on.

Since beauty, then, to *Time* must bow,
And age deform the fairest brow,
Let brighter charms be yours;
The female mind, embalm'd in truth,
Shall bloom in everlasting youth,
While *Time* himself endures.

"But why, my moralizing boy,"
I hear you say...."Must festive joy
"Give place to pensive thought?
"You canting rogue!....to vex one's brain
"With such a dire hysteric strain....
"'Tis hardly worth a groat."

How then, ye sweet enchanting creatures,
Shall I arrange my motley features?
I'm but a clown in wooing;
Or I might melt in tender themes
Of *flames*, and *darts*, and *lover's dreams*,
And *turtles, fondly cooing!*

Of Hymen, too, so sweet I'd sing;
Who should be marry'd ere the spring,
And *who* should longer wait;
Maidens of fifty, then, would sigh,
And Misses peep, with wishful eye,
As I unroll'd their fate.

Now, what can I invent, to please ye?
By Mars! I would not dare to teaze ye,
Like a pert lad, I just now saw....
For when some verse, like this, he gave,
"Your bounty, sir," says he, "I crave,"
And boldly reach'd (the saucy knave),
His little mercenary claw.

Why, lord! thought I, the deuce is in 't,
If people cannot take the hint,
Without such whining stuff.
I would not, for the world, be rude,
So, lest on goodness I intrude,
Adieu! I must be off.

JANUARY 1, 1802.

INSCRIPTION FOR A COLUMN AT TRUXILLO, IN SPAIN.

(By Southey.)

Pizarro here was born: a greater name
The list of glory boasts not. Toil, and want
And danger n'er from his course deterr'd,
This daring soldier: many a fight he won;
He slaughter'd thousands; he subdued a rich
And ample realm; such were Pizarro's deeds;
And wealth, and power, and fame, were his rewards
Among mankind! There is another world!
Oh Reader! If you earn your daily bread
By daily labour; if your lot be low,
And hard and wretched, thank the gracious God
Who made you, that you are not such as he!

ACROSTIC TO A

YOUNG LADY OF SIXTEEN.

Make much of time, 'tis ever on the wing,
Improve each hour, while life is in the spring,
Shun idle pleasures, follow wisdom's rule,
Strive to excel, and shine in virtue's school.
Judge not from outward shew of things that are,
All is not gold that glitters....then beware!
Nor too much on your own opinion rest,
Experienc'd friends can give advice the best.

Employ your thoughts in learning how to sail
Life's troubled sea, and catch each fav'ring gale;
Exalt your mind, and fix a steady eye
Above this lower world, where pleasures die.
Nothing is constant in this changing scene,
Our noblest pleasures are at best terrene.
Riches and honour, health and beauty fade,
Years pass like clouds, time is but light and shade.
On all your paths may Heav'n its blessings show'r,
Unmask each snare, and give you every hour
New cause to say, or sing, till life shall end,
God is my guardian, guide, and bounteous friend.

ONAS.

How far the little candle throws its beams?
So shines a good deed in a naughty world.

SHAKSPEARE.

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